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O N T H E
M A R R I A G E

Of His GRACE the
DUKE of NEWCASTLE

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE
The Lady *Henrietta Godolphin*,

Inscrib'd to His GRACE.

By Mr. *E U S D E N*. *K*

—*Non ulla Deo meliore cohærent*
Pectora, non alias decuit Concordia mentes. Stat.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *J. Tonson*, at *Shakespear's-Head* over-
against *Katharine-street* in the *Strand*. 1717.

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WHILE *Gothick* Arms begin t' infest the
Times
Already far debauch'd with *Gothick* Rhimes,
While baneful Faction would its Pow'r advance
By Popish Chains, and *Vandal* Ignorance,
Illustrious Youth! indulgently excuse
The fond, weak Sallies of an artless Muse;
Who would the Triumphs of thy Love rehearse
In soft-breath'd Musick, and un-labour'd Verse.

Hail! darling Pride to the *Pierian* Maids!
 Hail! learn'd Frequenter of their secret Shades!
 For Thee in largest Rills their Fountains flow,
 Their Voices warble, and their Lawrels grow.
 Oh! could I reach transcendent Worth with Praise,
 And *Roman* Virtues paint in *Roman* Lays,
 A *British* *Pollio* the pleas'd World should view
 More bright, than *Pollio*, whom a *Virgil* drew.
 Contending Orators should yield the Prize,
 And o'er a *Trajan* a *Newcastle* rise.
 But Thou, fair Charmer of his glorious Breast,
 Thou with whole Nature's Gifts profusely blest,
 While thus I rove amid the tuneful Throng,
 Vouchsafe to listen, and adorn my Song.
 Still flow the Verse, like thy own Thoughts, serene,
 Sweet, as thy Voice, and easie, as thy Mien.
 May those bright Eyes inspire each happy Line,
 And all thy Beauties in my Numbers shine.

On proud *Olympus* is the lov'd Abode,
 And awful Mansion of the thund'ring God:
 The Ruler of the Skies there keeps his Court,
 And there the crowding Deities resort.

Each circling Year records, how vengeful Earth
 With Monsters teem'd, and gave the Giants Birth;
 While the great Sire of Gods and Men ordains
 A Feast for Trophies won on *Pblegra's* Plains.
 Th' Immortals sport, and revel in Delight,
 And drink, and laugh, and love away the Night.
 It chanc'd, as flowing *Nectar* warm'd the Soul,
 And *Ganymede* supply'd th' exhausted Bowl,
 Gay *Cytherèa* from her Silence broke,
 And thus to the reserv'd *Tritonia* spoke.

Fam'd Goddess of the Spear, whom Danger charms,
 Whose melting Musick is the Din of Arms;
 Whence is that clouded Brow, that pensive Mood?
 Are no Scenes pleasing, but the Scenes of Blood?
 How soft the Groans, which dying Legions yield!
 How sweet the Prospect of a gory Field!
 For future Pleasures, what Designs are form'd,
 Of Countries ravag'd, and of Cities storm'd?
 With brave *Eugenio* will th' Heroick Maid
 Shatter th' aspiring Bulwarks of *Belgrade*?
 Or if Polite Diversions are decreed,
 Seek the smooth Converse of the courtly *Swede*?

By Thee instructed, he may draw new Schemes,
 And break th' Illusions of Ambitious Dreams:
 Not madly aim at fix'd *Britannia's* Throne,
 But strive to prop the Ruins of his own.
 To thee I must a secret Truth declare,
Britannia is become my Fav'rite Care.
 Her Sons confess their Stemm, and pleas'd I trace
 The well-known Features of th' *Ænean* Race.
 In that blest Isle Triumphant Beauty reigns,
 And willing Youth wears Love's delightful Chains.
 Not ev'n *Augustus* dares to disobey,
 His *Carolina's* Looks confirm my Sway.

The Warrior-Virgin with a Frown reply'd,
 Dull are thy Taunts, and foolish is thy Pride.
 Go, happy Queen! in empty Form excell;
 Still on thy Glass, or glassie Fountains dwell.
 Oft tho' in Arms, amid discolour'd Scenes,
 Unpleas'd I view not Meads, and flow'ry Greens.
 What, tho' my Hand can launch the whizzing Spear,
 A Wreath of Olive is the Wreath I wear.
 Let Northern Blasts *Dofrenian* Mountains chill,
 I only visit the *Parnassian* Hill.

Suedia's rough Prince may in Encampments freeze,
 Or try his floating Oaks on *British* Seas,
 My Pow'r shall *Brunswick's* lawful Crown protect,
 And still his Councils, and his Arms direct.
 But say, thou fruitful Mother of Desires,
 Feels ev'ry *British* Youth thy soft'ning Fires?
 Has none the Courage to dispute thy Reign,
 And are the Labours of *Minerva* vain?
 See! in the Front a Young *Patrician* stands,
 Who scorns thy Sway, and laughs at thy Commands.
 He with the Treasures of learn'd *Rome* is blest,
 And all my *Athens* has enlarg'd his Breast.
 Adorn'd by Nature, and improv'd by Arts,
 Beauty he sees, but Beauty has no Darts.
 His Soul glows only with the Patriot's Flame;
 Why need I add, *Newcastle* is the Name?

No more would *Venus* the Contest renew,
 But smiling rose, and silently withdrew.
 She bids th' attending Train of little Loves
 Prepare the Silken Harness for her Doves.
 Then in an Iv'ry Car with Purple Reins
 She guides her snowy Birds, and *Cyprus* gains.

High on a Mount, crown'd with unfading Green,
 Her costly Palace from afar is seen.
 Here Ruby-Walls, and Agate-Steps arise,
 And Jasper-Pavements strike the wond'ring Eyes.
 Here ev'ry Sense its full Enjoyments meets
 In circling Pleasures, and a Maze of Sweets.
 Thro' spicy Groves eternal *Zephyrs* play,
 By Night no Mildews, and no Clouds by Day.
 Still Flow'rs of various Hue, unbidden, grow,
 Birds chaunt above, and Fountains purl below.
 At *Cytherea's* Nod the Graces pour
 Ambrosial Effence in a lavish Show'r.
 The Nymphs, industrious with an artful Care,
 Check the bold Freedoms of her wand'ring Hair.
 Here, ruff'd Tresses to smooth Curls are wrought,
 And there, a graceful Negligence is taught.
 Love's firm Associates in long Pomp advance,
 The sweet Deportment, and the speaking Glance.
 Perfidious Vows, with well-dissembl'd Tears,
 Fantastick Hopes, and more fantastick Fears.
 With careless Looks, and richly gay Attire
 Shines rofie Youth, and rows her Eyes of Fire.
 Round her Persuasion languishingly clung,
 And Harmony thrill'd melting from her Tongue;
While

While close appear'd with their enchanting Pow'rs,
Array'd in whiteſt Robes, the ſmiling Hours.

Bright *Venus* now, in all her Charms confeſt,
The wanton *Cupid* to her Boſom preſt.
In ſoothing Sounds ſhe cry'd, My fav'rire Boy,
The Source of ev'ry Care, and ev'ry Joy!
Sweet Energy, and bleſt Increate of Love,
God of the Gods, and Conqueror of *Jove*!
Not his almighty Hand, like thine, can aim
So ſure a Bolt, or ſpread ſo ſwift a Flame.
'Tis by thy Pow'r my unrefiſted Reign
Extends thro' Heav'n, and Earth, and Air, and Main.
But to ſupport that Sway one Toil beſtow,
New point thy Arrows, and new ſtring thy Bow:
Cull from the golden Store the nobleſt Dart
To gain a Triumph o'er the nobleſt Heart.
In the lov'd Palace, fair *Britannia's* Court,
Where Nymphs, the Rivals to my Nymphs, reſort,
Oft ſhines a Youth, to whoſe rich Mind alone
The Charms of Beauty are the Charms unknown.
Who, high in Honours, ſoars as high in Senſe,
And from his Virtues claims Pre-eminence.

For whom with Joy th' *Aonian* Lyres are strung,
 Whom *Phæbus* loves, and whom his *Garth* has sung.
 But with vain Words thy Conquest I delay:
 Alone *Newcastle* has not own'd our Sway.
 Awhile let *Venus* o'er *Minerva* boast
 In the true Lover the true Patriot lost.
 Yet grateful be his Wounds, and sweet His Pain,
 Teach him to Sigh, but not to Sigh in vain.
 His *Phoenix*-worth must shun the *Phoenix*-state,
 Unless his Life could share her wond'rous Fate,
 And learn by Death still to renew its date.
 In Pity to Mankind Love's Joys inspire,
 Least future Ages with vain Tears require
 The living Images of such a Sire.

She spoke, and swift th' obedient *Cupid* flies
 On Southern Winds, and cleaves the yielding Skies:
 Fir'd, and transported with the sweet Commands,
 He sped his Flight, and reach'd the *British* Lands.
Augusta first he sought, thence up-wards springs,
 And hov'ring stoop'd again, and clos'd his Wings,
 Nigh where the *Mole*, long diving in the Ground,
 Starts up a-fresh, and wond'ring looks around:

Sees stately Piles adorn his verdant Coast,
 And *Chargate* in a rising *Claremont* lost.
 Not *Guadiana*, the *Hesperian* Pride,
 Who rouls unseen, below, a silent Tide,
 Enjoys, when bursting out, so pure an Air,
 Or views her Banks crown'd with a Tow'r so fair.
 Variety of Sylvan Scenes compleat
 Th' unrival'd Pleasures of this Rural Seat.
 Our wand'ring Eyes th' Embellishments behold,
 Which *Roman* Bards to *Villa's* lent of old.
 What *Statius* fancy'd, or what *Claudian* drew,
 The boldly-feign'd Descriptions here are true.
 Here the great Lord those Wonders can produce,
 He tills the Wilds, and tames them into use.
 He bids the barren Waste with Plants be crown'd,
 And softens Rocks into a fruitful Ground.
 The yielding Earth obeys his *Vanbrook's* Will,
 Sinks to a Vale, or rises to a Hill.
 The God of Love now gains th' enchanting Seats,
 Of Eccho, Fauns, and Nymphs the green Retreats.
 He hears, and sees Birds warbling thro' the Glades,
 And treads on breathing Flow'rs in Myrtle Shades.
 Deluded by known Sweets, he seems to rove
 Still in the Grotto's of the *Paphian* Grove.

At last He reach'd the Mansions, fram'd to please,
 The proud Ascent is conquer'd, here, with ease;
 There, in steep Prospect, Woods, and Streams delight,
 And Domes, and distant Turrets fill the Sight.
 The Deity, with Shades encompass'd 'round,
 Secret past on, and young *Mæcenæ* found.
 On a rich *Tyrian* Couch his Limbs were spread,
 And awful *Maro's* hallow'd Page he read,
 Where *Gallus* tunes his Grief, and sweetly mourns,
 While proud *Lycoris* for his Rival burns.
 He smil'd at Sorrows, which he thought so vain,
 Nor pity'd an imaginary Pain.
 But by degrees his Breast began to beat,
 And pant, and glow with an unusual Heat.
Godolphin's Image in his Mind he views,
 And still the sweet Idëa he pursues.
 Much he revolves the Pleasures of her Face,
 Much the long-shining Virtues of her Race.
 A Race, which greatly has th' Example shown
 To raise the Publick Treasures, not it's own.
 A Race, distinguish'd in th' united Charms
 Of conqu'ring Beauty, and of conqu'ring Arms.
 Unnumber'd Thoughts unnumber'd Ways inspire
 The luscious Poyson, and the pleasing Fire.

His

His *Claremont* now begins to look less fair,
 For *Cupid* was, but not *Godolphin* there.
 He seeks *Augusta* to regain his Rest,
 Nor knows, he bears the Sting within his Breast.
 Thence to the Court, in fond Pursuit of Ease,
 He hastes; the Court soon doubles his Disease.
 In artful Measures a bright Throng advance,
 But *Henrietta* there adorn'd the Dance.
 Such Looks had *Helen*, and so sweet a Mien,
 At *Sparta* dancing first by *Paris* seen.
 Motions, like these, that boasted Flame begun,
 He saw, He lov'd, and whom He lov'd, He won.

Mean time the God convey'd an equal Dart
 With silent Stealth to *Henrietta's* Heart.
Newcastle shining in the pompous Throng,
 She look'd, and wonder'd, why She look'd so long.
 Something, She felt, She saw, unseen before;
 Again She look'd, and felt, She still saw more.
 A soft Confusion in Her Face appear'd
 Unconscious, what She hop'd, or what She fear'd.
 She thought him tremble too with new Surprise,
 She heard his Speech, imperfect by his Sighs,
 And startl'd at the Language of his Eyes.

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This

This seen, the laughing *Cupid* swift withdrew;
 From *Albion* soar'd, and back to *Cyprus* flew:
 Arriv'd, he told his mighty Triumphs won;
 And *Venus*, pleas'd, embrac'd her lawrel'd Son.
Concord! (she said) awhile my Palace leave,
 'Tis thine for each a rose Crown to weave.
Hymen! with speed the sacred Torch prepare,
 And shed thy Influence o'er the Illustrious Pair.
Britannia's Welfare is my great Design,
 Be they then Fruitful in a num'rous Line.
 Hence let new Patriots gloriously aspire
 To rival the just Merits of their Sire.
 Let blooming Nymphs with their bright Mother vie,
 And learn proud Heroes, yet unborn, to Sigh.

F I N I S.



